Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2017 with funding from
LYRASIS and LYRASIS Members

https://archive.org/details/missilethe1919pete

THE MISSILE

April 1919

Petersburg High School

Petersburg, Virginia

We have everything for a

FORD and the Genuine FORD Parts

Made by the Ford Models.

TRY US **GEO. B. CARTER,**

Agent. **30 BANK STREET.**

FURNITURE FOR EVERYBODY

THE HARLOW-HARDY CO.,

(INCORPORATED.)

134 W. Bank Street.

Out of the High Rent District.

QUALITY SHOES

— FOR —

Military and Civilian

WEAR.

J. O. James Shoe Co.

124 N. SYCAMORE STREET.

Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry

..... Headquarters for .....

GOLD MEDALS, FOUNTAIN PENS

and Gifts Appropriate for Every Occasion.

J. McS. BUCHANAN,

104 Sycamore Street, Next Door to "The Palms."

When making purchases, mention "The Missile."

....Contents....

The Glorious U. S. A.—Blanche Waymack, '19, - - 1
Love for Two—Ethel Holloway, '19, - - - - 2
My Diary Says (continued)—Wallace Ridout, '16, - 6
The Pouting Princess—Sadie Zimmerman, '19, - - 13
Roman Military Roads—Lois Barnes, '22, - - - 19
Editorials, - - - - - - - - - 21
School Notes, - - - - - - - - 25
Little Missiles, - - - - - - - - 29
Athleties, - - - - - - - - - 33
Alumni Notes, - - - - - - - - 37
Exchange, - - - - - - - - - 39
Advertisements, - - - - - - - - 42

THE MISSILE

Published by the Students of the Petersburg High School

PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA

Vol. VIII. APRIL, 1919. No. 4.

The Glorious U. S. A.

United forever, the brave and the true,
Ne'er to desert the Red, White and Blue;
In the land of the just and the land of the free,
Together we stand for liberty,
E'er to defend the cause that is just,
Doing just what Uncle Sam says we must.

Serving, yes willing forever to do
Things that are needed to help pull us through;
Always alive to the things of to-day,
Thinking of what is the best thing to say;
Ever awaiting, we stand for the call,
Standing together, lest perchance we might fall.

On the mount, we are ready to answer the call;
For we must be alert lest danger befall.

Always upholding the pure and the free,
Making the world for democracy,
Envy fills not the hearts of the brave
Ready and waiting for some one to save.
In all things we do we strive for the best,
Counting not honor nor glory the test,
And seeking naught if our country be blest.

United forever, we stand in the fray,
Serving our country so well day by day,
Always adoring our own U. S. A.

Blanche Waymack, '19.

Love for Two.

WHEN you read a story, do you like to know something of the former life of the hero, something of his character and sentiments before the story began?

Tim's story is a strange one. He could not remember when he did not live with Mr. Rock, so all that he knew of his past life was told him by his old guardian. This story made him feel lonelier each time he heard it. Fourteen years ago, with his parents and his sister, two years younger than himself, he had set sail for America after a trip to Italy for his father's health. When the ship was about half way across the Atlantic, a terrific storm had arisen and the vessel had sunk. Only two passengers were known to have been saved and these two were picked up by a passing boat. One of them was Mr. Rock and the other was Tim. After sharing so much danger and so much good fortune together Mr. Rock, the owner of millions, would not part with Tim, but had kept and cared for him since then. It had once been reported that one other passenger had been saved, but Mr. Rock never believed this story, perhaps because he wished the story to have no characters other than himself and Tim. Mr. Rock, very proud of his adopted son and companion, enjoyed repeating this story occasionally.

On this invigorating summer morning Tim was feeling gloomy when he had every reason to be glad, for the Rockville High School had closed for the session and he would have three months of leisure. But what did he care about that? He would have preferred that the session remained to be gone over. Why? Because then Sue would have one more year at school, and as it was

she had finished and the next term would find her a student at some college. Then there would be nothing to enjoy.

"If I could only fall in love with some other girl when Sue went away, things wouldn't be so dull, but never, never could I love another girl as I love her."

Poor Tim, he never allowed himself to be overcome by his sentiments and strolled along singing gaily,

"Her eyes are so blue,
Her cheeks so pink,
Oh! How I love Sue
You never could think."

The three months passed. Tim, having recovered from his pensive outlook, enjoyed them thoroughly. The time came for Sue to leave, but Tim didn't let her leave without hinting of his sentiments regarding her, not without encouragement on her part.

School opened once more with Tim in his last year. He heard from Sue often and loved her as well as ever until—it must be confessed—Roberta Roberts, a pretty orphan girl, came to the school. Oh, he really didn't love Bert, just liked her; that was why he always walked home with her. She was truly a nice sort of person to talk to. Mr. Rock had liked her when he first saw her.

"I never could love her as I do Sue, but really I was silly to say what I did before she left, wasn't I, Mr. Rock?"

"No, Tim, for my part I love Bert better than I do Sue, but I know you will always love Sue."

But Mr. Rock was not right, for now as commencement time came on again he realized that he would—he believed he would—hate to part with Bert more than he had hated to part with Sue. Was this the right way to treat Sue? Tim was afraid it wasn't. And after all did

Bert care anything for him? No, he didn't think she did, except as a friend; that's what worried him.

"Well, it's almost time for Sue to come home. Perhaps when I see the dear girl again I will not be bothered with the foolish passion for Bert. I believe I love Bert, but I know I love Sue. Mr. Rock still seems to be trying to influence me in Bert's favor, but if he troubles me much more with his praises of Bert, I'll tell him I think he is trying to make her love him instead of me."

Thursday, June 26. Sue has come, and has invited Bert, because she is Tim's friend, to come with Tim to welcome her home. Tim feels nervous as he prepares to go. What will happen when he sees them together?

The evening passed gloriously, but Tim was uncomfortable. If he could only tell Sue of his love for Bert he would feel better, for he knew she would be good enough to sacrifice her wishes for his.

"Shucks, if she does that, it will only make me love her more, so —"

"Excuse me, my dear Bert, but really I must admire that quaint trinket you are wearing around your neck."

Sue had fortunately interrupted Tim's sober thoughts by addressing the words to Bert, to which Bert replied:

"My locket has a queer story, shall I tell it? I have never felt that is was true. They say my father and mother were lost in a ship wreck returning from Italy. I have been told that I had a brother who was saved, but I fear this is not true, and can only wish it were. I have a picture supposed to be that of my brother and me inside of my locket."

She opened it, Tim gasped, and Sue exclaimed,

"How thrilling!"

She showed the pictures with the names Tim and Roberta written beneath it.

"Is it possible, Bert, that you are my sister? How happy I am, and to think that I can love both you and Sue. Now, Mr. Rock, do you prefer Bert? Do you wish me to marry my sister?"

"I do not wish you to marry her, Tim, but I still prefer her, and I believe that she loves me."

She nodded assent.

The next day Tim left with Mr. Rock to take a course at the summer school of the University.

Sue received a note which was filled with Tim's happy state of mind and which ended thus:

"Mr. Rock sends love to only one,
But still that's good for him;
Love for two I've sought and won,
I send it now From TIM."

Ethel Holloway, '19.

"Do you sign this paper of your free will?" asked the lawyer of the large red-faced lady.

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"I mean without any compulsion of the part of your husband."

"Him?" she answered, "Frederick? I'd like to see him compulse *me*?"

First hen: "Stop! Henrietta. It's dangerous to eat tacks."

Second hen: "Yes, but I want to lay a carpet."

My Diary Says.

[CONTINUED.]

December 7, 1917. We dropped anchor at twelve-thirty P. M. in Scapa Flow, in the heart of the Orkney Islands, which was the rendezvous of the British Grand Fleet, of which we were now a part.

December 8—Saturday. The day was devoted entirely to coaling ship, and lasted until 4 A. M. Sunday morning. We took on about twenty-three hundred tons.

December 9. We received an official notice from the Admiral that the New York, Wyoming, Florida, and Delaware, which composed the Ninth Division of the American Atlantic fleet, was hereafter to be known as the Sixth Battle Squadron of the British Grand Fleet, under command of Admiral Beatty, Commander-in-Chief of the English navy.

December 11—We were given our Thanksgiving dinner to-day, (as Thanksgiving day found us in the midst of a severe storm, and that day we feasted on cold canned prunes and hardtack,) which consisted of turkey, mince pies, and everthing good to eat.

December 12—We received a hurry message to light off all boilers, and be prepared to make maximum speed at once, as the German Fleet was reported to be attempting escape through the North Sea. We got up steam and rigged for sea, but did not go out on this occasion.

December 15—Twenty-five bags of mail received to-night, the first mail in over three long weeks.

December 17—The Sixth Battle Squadron, led by the Queen Elizabeth, the Flag Ship of the British Grand Fleet,

got under weigh about three-thirty, P. M. for somewhere ever here.

December 18—We dropped anchor this morning at 9:14 A. M. in the Firth of Forth, Scotland, at the Rosyth Navy Yard. We passed under the Forth Bridge, said to be the longest bridge in the world, being one and a half miles long, and taller than the Brooklyn Bridge. This anchorage in the Forth River was another rendezvous of the Grand Fleet. On our right was Rosyth, a city of about fifteen thousand inhabitants. On our left was Edinburgh.

All hands were anxious to go ashore, but could not, for the Florida had been placed in quarantine on account of an epidemic of mumps on board.

December 24—Chrismas Eve, and a very beautiful day. The boys decorated the ship with holly and mistletoe.

December 25—Chrismas Day, and nothing to do but pace the deck and wish for dinner. We were still under quarantine and had not been ashore for a month.

December 29—I shall always remember this day, for it is the day of my first visit to Edinburgh, Scotland. I had always had a great desire to visit Scotland, and especially Edinburgh, ever since I read and studied about Scott and Burns. I feel that I have achieved a desire that many wish for and few realize.

Edinburgh's charms and beauties are too numerous for the limited space that I have. Its main business street is Princess Street. One side of this street is devoted to business establishments, while the other side is devoted entirely to a beautiful park called Princess Street Gardens. These gardens are exceedingly attractive and alluring being filled with the prettiest of flowers and large flower designs and hundreds of low-hanging green trees.

Here also are several unique, charming fountains and a number of inspiring marble statues and monuments, including the famous Sir Walter Scott's monument. This is about 200 feet in height, and is adorned with statues of prominent characters in Scott's works. On the inside, winding stairs take one to the top of this monument and into the monument galleries, from which a splendid view of Edinburgh may be obtained. At one end of these gardens, on an immense high stone foundation, is old Edinburgh Castle with its picturesque Banquet Hall, Crown Room, Dungeons, and Queen Mary's apartments. This old Castle is very impressive when thought of in connection with Queen Mary, Charles I, Oliver Cromwell, and many other historic characters.

Edinburgh also boasts the first monument erected in Europe to the memory of Lincoln. This is a life-size bronze cast, with a freed slave kneeling, looking gratefully upwards to the President.

John Knox's House is also very interesting to visit.

From the time we arrived in European waters, December 7, 1917, until November 31, 1918, we based either at Scapa Flow, O. I., or in the Firth of Forth, at Rosyth, Scotland.

During this time our work consisted of convoying merchant ships from different ports in England to Bergen, Norway; guarding American mine layers while laying mines across the North Sea; frequent battle practices by the entire Fleet in the North Sea; frequent target practice, and general detail.

On one occasion the Sixth Battle Squadron, accompanied by six torpedo boats, left Scapa Flow to escort a number of merchant ships from southern England to

Bergen, Norway. Of course this carried us directly through the North Sea, and not many miles from where the German Fleet was lying. We put our convoy into port about noon on the 8th of February, and were waiting for another to come out to take back south, when about 2 P. M. the submarine warning was given. The four of us were steaming abreast. The New York and Wyoming were on our port and the Delaware on our starboard. The Wyoming was the first to sight the submarine and gave the warning. Almost instantaneously with the receiving of the warning two torpedoes were seen several hundred feet off headed directly for the Florida. We hoisted signal that a torpedo was crossing from starboard to port and gave two long blasts on the siren to denote our changing course. The Delaware made a sharp turn to starboard. The Florida made a sharp turn to port, while the Wyoming and New York turned quickly to starboard. The torpedoes went between the Florida and Wyoming, missing each about twenty-five feet. Quick, masterful directing by our Captain, now Rear Admiral Thomas Washington, saved us from an almost certain accident. We again fell into battle formation. But peace was not long ours. Suddenly, not five hundred feet away, directly between the Florida and Delaware, a periscope was discovered, no doubt getting a range on us. We could not fire for fear of hitting a torpedo boat that was near. This torpedo boat made for the periscope. The submarine commander evidently saw it coming, for he immediately submerged. The torpedo boat passed directly over this spot and dropped several depth bombs, which are supposed to have damaged the submarine. This was an afternoon of excitement. About ten

minutes later one of the lookouts reported a torpedo on port beam. A torpedo was headed directly for us. We again sounded the siren and by a quick movement we swung to starboard, the torpedo running down our starboard side not ten feet away. A narrow escape that was.

Several minutes later the Wyoming and Delaware were fired at, but missed. The Delaware sighted the submarine that fired at her and retaliated with her five inch battery. No definite knowledge could be obtained as to whether any submarines were destroyed.

We headed southwest and got out of the nest of submarines, but as soon as darkness descended we went back again and picked up our convoy.

This is just one of a great many exciting adventures that we had while performing duty in the winter months.

February 11, 1918—The U. S. S. Texas arrived at Scapa Flow about 1:05 P. M. to join the Sixth Battle Squadron, after having made the trip overseas alone and without accident.

March 8, 1918—The Sixth Battle Squadron left Scapa Flow at 12:10 A. M. to make a usual convoy trip. We had fairly good weather on the 9th and 10th, and put our convoy into Bergen about 10 P. M. on the 10th. We steamed around in circles that day and night, intending to pick up our return convoy and start back about 6 A. M. the next morning. The next morning we were called at four A. M. to mount our battle stations, as we were in the heart of the submarine zone. German cruisers and raiders were also frequent visitors in this vicinity.

About 4:45 P. M., just daybreak, we could see the day was going to be cloudy and dark. About 5:15 A. M. an excedingly dark fog settled. We could not see parts of

our own ship, and as for the other ships we had no idea where they were. We were in constant danger of running down or being run down by some of the other ships. There were sixteen torpedo boats scattered around the battle ship. Lights of every description were positively prohibited when in the submarine zone, still, to safeguard the lives of thousands of sailors, and the ships too, we were forced to use our large searchlights, which, as strong as they are, failed to pierce this thick fog for more than about five hundred feet. We also ran great risks in blowing our siren every few minutes to warn the other ships. The fog got thicker, and we reported to plotting room that visibility was zero. The uncanny stillness was often broken by the dull, abrupt sound of a siren, now on this side and then on the other. The ships had become separated and were groping about blindly. Suddenly, on our port bow, coming through the fog like a ghost, we caught the faint glimmer of a light. We could not tell whether it was headed towards us or going parallel with us. It seemed to grow brighter. On it came. We could not tell whether this light was being focused over the bow of the ship or over the side. Each second now its brightness increased until suddenly the huge forward guns of the Texas broke through the fog and bore down on us, and we could see that she was headed straight for our port beam, and not six hundred feet away. She was too close and going too fast to stop in time. We thought we would be crumpled and sunk. (My battle station at this time was in the forward "crow's nest," and I instinctively looked down into the dark North Sea to see just how far I would have to fall or jump.)

We rang for full speed ahead and hard left rudder.

The Texas blew four quick blasts, signalling that she was backing the engines, but on she came. We swung just in time, and the Texas passed us not twenty-five feet astern, cutting our towing spar line in half. We felt very fortunate indeed. The fog lifted about seven o'clock. The Florida, Wyoming, and Texas were still together with four torpedo boats. It was the next day before we found the New York, Delaware, the other twelve torpedo boats, and our convoy. We carried our convoy safely to an English port and returned to Scapa Flow.

We were never for an instant in fear of the German navy, but we did recognize the dangers of the North Sea fogs.

(*To be continued.*)

Customer; Waiter, do you know it is nearly half an hour since I ordered this soup?"

Waiter: "Yes, sir; but you know turtles are slow."

Mary had a Thomas cat
It warbled like caruso
A neighbor swung a baseball bat
Now Thomas doesn't do so.

FOREGONE.

That man has never been known to tell a lie.
Then no woman has ever said to him
"Don't you think I am getting thinner?"

The Pouting Princess.

IN the days beyond recollection there lived a king who was very rich and handsome. He had a daughter who was called Neoma, which means happiness.

One day, Princess Neoma, as she was wondering throught the garden of her father's palace, heard a light knocking upon the gate at the entrance to the grounds and, disobeying her father's strict orders, she opened the gates. Before her stood a little old woman dressed in black.

"I have come," she said, "to tell you that your father has been injured and you are to come down the highway with me and I will lead you to him."

Out rushed Neoma and the gates closed behind her. As she hurried down the road, she noticed that they turned many curves, and she was becoming tired and half doubtful; so she stopped and said she didn't believe that her father was injured and how would it happen that he would be traveling such a round-about road.

Just then a large and gruesome ogre jumped out from the hedge. He grabbed the frightened girl and carried her away to a big tower which was situated in the old witch's garden.

The ogre took from off a great nail, which had been driven into the immense structure, a key one yard in length, and when he placed it in the keyhole, the large door swing open on its rusty hinges.

The witch then led the princess up a narrow winding stairway and after what seemed to her an endless time, they came to a narrow iron door. The witch opened this and ushered her into a dismal little room with noth-

ing in it but a stiff-back chair and a very uncomfortable looking couch.

After the witch had disappeared and the lock had fallen back into its accustomed place, the princess looked about her in despair. What would she do? How could she get out of this dreadful place? Should she call for help? No. That would only arouse the old witch's anger, and besides the princess knew she could not be heard by anybody seeking to aid her; so she relapsed into a pout.

As she stood looking out of the iron-barred window, she heard a slight rustling noise, and turning about she saw a dazzling fairy dressed in white, smiling at her. The minute she saw the sullen look upon the face of the princess, her face also fell, but only for a moment.

"Why, dear princess, I never saw you with such a look upon your beautiful face before. Have you forgotten that your name is Neoma, which means Happiness?" inquired the good fairy.

"Oh! that word is only a mockery to me. Call me anything else but that," replied the sullen captive.

"Well, my message from the good fairies to you is, my dear, that you smile; it's the only way you can be set free," said the fairy. "Farewell, and don't forget to smile."

After the fairy left, the once happy face of the princess became darker than ever. That evening the witch came to the door and gave Neoma a bowl of broth and a slice of bread and with a slight grumbling, shut the door and went down the long flight of stairs.

The next day at the same hour as she had come the day before, the good fairy appeared and told the princess to smile and keep smiling, for 'twas the only way she could gain her freedom.

That evening the witch came with a bowl of broth and a slice of bread, and, as on the night before, went away grumbling.

On the third day, when the fairy came at the usual hour, the princess asked her if she knew why she had been brought to the dreadful tower.

"The ogre who brought you here," said the fairy, "was once a friend of your father's. Once he caught the ogre, whom he thought to be his friend, stealing his cattle, and when the servants of your father brought him to the palace, your father said that if he ever saw the ogre upon his grounds again he would have him hanged.

"The ogre said nothing, but when he had gotten outside the gates of the palace he swore vengeance upon the king and said that some day he would have his revenge.

"So you see, Princess Neoma, he is having his revenge now, while your father lives in agony. But try to keep smiling, my dear, keep smiling."

So saying, the fairy departed. But, just as before, the face of the princess became darker.

The next morning the old witch came to bring food to the princess. As she was about to leave the room, the princess turned from the window through which she had been gazing with a pleading expression on her face.

"Will you allow me to walk in the garden if I don't eat any of that food?" asked the captive. "It is so tiresome to stay up here in this tower room all day long. If you would allow me to wander in the soft green grass, it would seem more like home and it wouldn't seem so bad to be a captive of the dreadful ogre."

The old woman shook he head, but the pleading look on the poor girl's face caused her to change her mind,

and she said she would allow the princess to walk in the garden every day if she would do without her morning meal.

For this unexpected pleasure the princess thanked her, and after taking the scant amount of food which she had brought the prisoner, the witch led the way down a different flight of stairs from those they had ascended. This stairway opened into a large kitchen and in this room was a door which opened upon a large porch. There were no furnishings on it, and the yard—how different it was from the one about the palace! There were no flowers, no pretty trees, nothing but grass and weeds. But even this was better than that dreadful room up at the top of the tower.

Morning after morning the princess strolled through the garden, which was enclosed by a high stone wall. One morning she wandered further than usual, and she came to a large pool of water. The water was very deep, for although it was clear as crystal, yet one could not see to the bottom of it. As the princess glanced down into the water, she noticed how ugly her face had become.

Where was that lovely smile?

Where were those laughing eyes?

The princess immediately tried to replace the smile, but all in vain. After many attempts and remembering what the good fairy had told her, she smiled to think that it was possible that she would be set free and would be allowed to return to her father's house. As the smile broke out all over her face, there was a rippling of the waters, and there in the midst of the pool stood a handsome prince.

Neoma turned to run away, but he called her to come

back, and he came to the bank of the pool. "Do not go away, fair princess, I mean you no harm. But first I must tell you that you have saved my life, and now I mean to to take you from the dreadful clutches of this wicked ogre."

"Well, hurry then and tell me how I shall have my freedom," said the excited captive.

"Come to that rock, yonder, and I will tell you all," replied the prince.

After they were seated, he began:

"When your father discovered that you were not to be found about the palace, and when it was reported that you had been stolen by the ogre, he sent out word that the man who brought back his daughter would be given the princess for his wife and also half of the king's kingdom. Now, when I heard this, I hurried as fast as my brave steed could carry me to your father's court. There I was given full directions by your father, and that night I started out upon the dangerous journey. Early the next morning I arrived in the forest at the rear of this garden. After I had climbed the wall by the aid of a near-by tree and had started toward the tower, I heard a fierce grumbling like that of thunder and turned about to see the ogre rushing toward me. I looked about for some means of escape, but none could be found. All I could see was the pool, into which I hurled myself just missing a mighty blow from the strong arm of the ill-looking creature.

"He came near the pool and stood with his arms stretched out over the water, and called the witch, who came quickly.

"I could not hear what the ogre said, but the old woman disappeared and returned with a huge black caldron. She

lit a fire and filled the kettle with water from the pool. In this a spell was brewed. 'I cannot put a spell on any prince forever, for if I did, my power would be broken; but under these conditions will I put the spell upon him.' This," explained the prince, "was that until you smile I should be held under this awful power, which was that I should remain at the bottom of the pool in the form of a frog. Of course, the witch never expected that the power would be broken so soon; for she could see nothing about you, that is, none of your surroundings, that would make you happy.

"So you see how you have saved my life, and now I will take you back to your father, if you are willing."

The prince led her through a narrow gate at the rear of the garden which was hidden from view by a thick growth of shrubbery, and that evening they arrived at the palace.

Great was the rejoicing, and the promises of king were fulfilled. They were married and now the name of Neoma truly fitted the rescued princess, for she was happier than anyone can imagine.

Sadie R. Zimmerman, '19.

Moralist: "Are you laying something away for a rainy day?"

Old Soak: "Not on your life! I have all I can do these days to lay something aside for a dry day."

Roman Military Roads.

MILITARY ROADS were one of the chief means by which Rome held and controlled acquired territory. The first great military road was due to an old censor, Appius Claudins. This road was built in 312 B. C. and was called the Via Appia. The Appian Way greatly benefited the industrial and commercial classes, and it still remains to preserve the memory of its builder. Other roads rapidly followed and by the close of the Punic Wars solid roads carried by engineers' arts over broad and rapid streams through difficult mountain passes, had already linked Rome with Capua in the South and with a few cities in the North.

A net work of military roads connected the Latin colonies with one another and with the mother city. In Italy the roads were built at the cost of the State. In provinces the conquered communities bore the expenses, but the work was done under the direction of Roman engineers.

The roads ran in straight lines between the cities they were to connect with frequent cross-roads and branch roads less carefully constructed. The hills were cut through, rivers were crossed, and valleys and marshes were spanned by viaducts. The roads were solid walls fifteen feet high. The surfaces were smooth and rounded off with gutters at either side to carry off the rain and melted snow. Milestones were put along the road which showed the distance from the starting point of the road to an important city in the opposite direction. Sometimes the names of the consuls or emperors under whom the roads were built were put on the milestones. The roads were wide enough for the largest wagons to pass,

For the pedestrian, foot paths were made on either side of the road with frequent stepping stones so he might cross to the other side above the mud and dust of the wagon way. There were also seats made by the milestones for the convenience of travelers. Blocks of stones were made for the horsemen to mount and dismount. Fountains and watering troughs for men and cattle were made by the springs. Some of the roads went one hundred years without repairs.

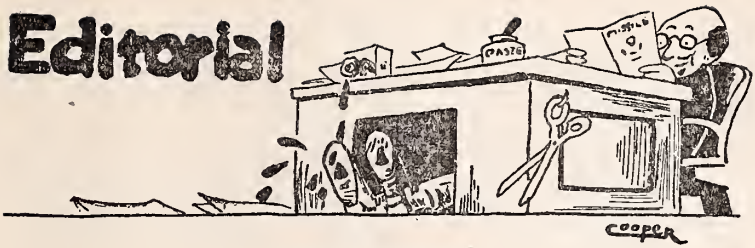
In the construction of the road first a cut was made of sufficient width and depth to hold a filling which varied with the nature of the soil. The earth at the bottom of this cut was made level, and upon this was put the statumen, a foundation of course stones not too large to hold in the hand. Over this was put the rudus, a nine inch layer of concrete made of broken stone and lime. Over this came the nucleus, a six inch bed of fine concrete made of broken potsherds and lime in which was set the dorsum or final course of blocks of lava or some other hard stone. This was furnished by the adjacent country. These blocks were laid with care so as to leave no seams or fissures to admit water or jar the wheels of vehicles.

On less traveled branch roads the agger seems to have consisted of a thick course of gravel instead of blocks of stone. The Flaminian Way, constructed by censor Flaminius, led from Rome to the North.

Aemilius Lepidus, consul for the year 180 B. C., constructed the great road which bore his name through the new colony of Bononia to Placentia. This was a continuation of the Flaminian Way.

Augustus knit the empire together by building a network of well paved military roads over the remotest parts of the Roman world. All of these roads were used for sending supplies to the frontier and the massing of troops in the shortest time.

Lois Barnes.



STAFF.

Anne Gilliam, '19 ..... Editor-in-Chief

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

Sadie Zimmerman, '19..... ....Sarah Cooper, '20.
Edward Meakin, '19.....Exchange Editor
Emily Roper, '21 ..... Alumni Editor
Ernest Williams, '20..... ..... Boys' Athletic Editor
Lelia Drewry, '21 .....Girls' Athletic Editor
Mary Nichols, '20 .....Head Reporter
Samuel Reinach, '20 .....Business Manager
Ramsey Leigh, '20 .....Assistant Business Manager
Irvin Eigenbrun, '21 ..... Second Assistant Business Manager
Eugene Bain, '20 ..... Circulating Manager
Horace Woodhouse, '20..... Assistant Circulating Manager
Robert Budd, '21..... Joke Editor
Hettie Ellis, '21 ..... Art Editor

Published six times during the school year, at regular intervals, by the pupils of the Petersburg High School.

Subscription price: 50c. per session; 10c. the single copy.

Address all communications to Petersburg High School, Petersburg, Virginia.

Entered as second-class matter at postoffice, Petersburg, Va.

An Appeal to the Alumni.

THE "MISSILE" has been doing everything within its power to arouse the alumni to an interest in their Alma Mater. Through our "Alumni Notes" we have showed our graduates that we are following them even though it be across the seas. In our last issue of the "MISSILE" a new scheme was tried to make our alumni wake up. Wallace Ridout, of the 1916 class, started a series of ar-

ticles describing his experiences in Uncle Sam's navy. This shows that at least one graduate is thinking of the place where he received his start in life. After Mr. Ridout completes the account of his experiences, we purpose to have an article or letter from one of our former students published in each issue of our magazine. We hope that this will help to make them take as much interest in us as we have in them. We keep track of them, but it is surprising how very few of our alumni think of us enough to subscribe for the MISSILE, which some of them have even helped to published.

If the alumni only knew what an influence they could exert over the present pupils, we feel sure that they would not hesitate in using it. The pupils will see that boys and girls who have left school many years before still love it, so why should not they who are in it love it? Once get them really to love their school and half the work is done; it will be a very great impetus to harder study and more interest in the school activities. We are very willing to work for something we love. So wake up, you alumni, to your obligations to your Alma Mater. A. G.

Class Organization.

GIRLS, we want you to become more interested in Y. W. C. A. work. School spirit must be increased in this way, and let us have a larger number of girls as representatives of the High School in the Y. W. C. A. work. You have seen the good results obtained by the Friendship Club, which has been the active club of the school and in which only a small number of our girls are represented in comparison with the large number in the school.

Miss Wright and Miss Hunter are considering seriously the organization of a club for Freshmen and Sophomores, in order that more girls may become interested in this work, and also to establish class organization in the school. So think it over, girls; all of you are young Christian women, so why not participate in Y. W. C. A. work? You can easily realize the benefit of this work, which embraces the educational as well as the social side of our school lives.

S. A. C.

Cheering Our Teams.

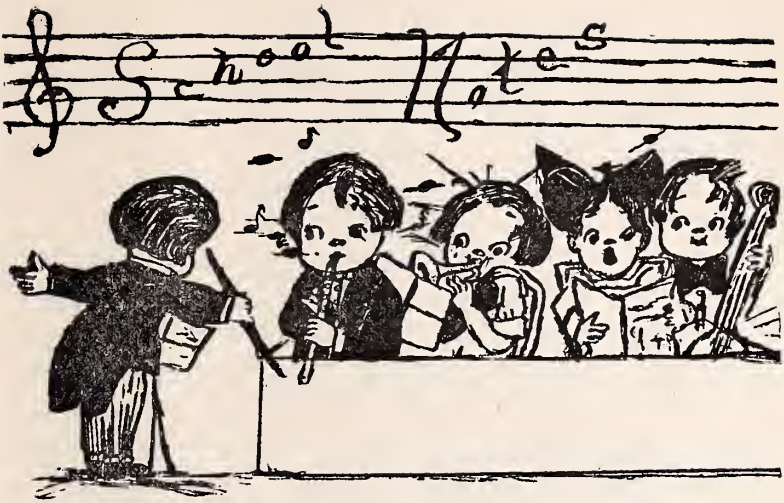
OUR HIGH SCHOOL, having practically everything of the the best, both in material and equipment, has not been found lacking in its various athletic teams. One thing that does not balance the scale is our support of our teams by rooting. When a member of a team does not play well, a bit of cheering will go a very long way in encouraging him; if, on the other hand, he does play well, then will not our cheers incite him more and tend to show our appreciation?

In looking over the various schools of the country, we find that in the curriculum, along with their important subjects, is rooting, to which a few minutes every week are devoted to the practicing of yells. A beginning has already been made, but not enough students have turned out to join the rooting class. Let us begin the work seriously now and support our worthy teams by learning to root for them. We can have our regular yells, which every student can easily learn, choose our yell leaders and hold a meeting for about fifteen minutes once a week. We trust this will meet the hearty support of the student

body of our High School, for it will aid greatly in securing the laurels for our school. S. R. Z.

"Book Day."

THE STUDENTS of the High School will be surprised to learn that since we got into our new library the pupils of the school have donated one hundred and thirty-four books, of which eighty-two were donated during the term of January, 1918, to June, 1918, and fifty-two from November, 1918, up to the present day. Special mention should be made of Rousseau Ellington and Donald Goodwyn, who contributed twenty-four and twenty-three books respectively. Miss Mollie Rives has also contributed four books. A large percentage of these were contributed to the Juvenile Department, of which the pupils make use and of which there were very few when our new library was opened.

It would be a very good plan to have a "Book Day," as was suggested by the librarian, Miss Rcbertson, so that all pupils and friends of the school may contribute a book. But we are short of shelves for them. As the School Board tries to do everything they can for our benefit, so we sincerely hope that they will give us more shelves for the library, that we may have our "Book Day" real soon. S. R. Z.

The first assembly of the High School students in the new auditorium was held March 11, 1919. The meeting was opened by singing "America" accompanied by the High School orchestra. Mr. Wolff presented a beautiful baby grand Mason-Hamlin piano to the High School on behalf of the students. The devotional exercises were conducted by the Rev. J. A. McClure of the Second Presbyterian Church and a short talk was made by Superintendent Martin on beautifying and extending the school grounds.

Superintendent Martin has extensive plans for the schools grounds. He plans to have a play ground in the rear, from the school to Lawrence Street and from the backs of the houses on Guarantee Street to the alley back of Pine Street. There will be baseball, basket-ball and tennis courts; also a swimming pool. On the west side of the school there will be a play ground for smaller children and in front a park for the recreation of the older girls.

Everything possible is being done to beautify the school, and extensive improvements have been made in the interior of the building. The walls have been painted a light buff color which improves greatly the former bare white walls.

The High School has a growing orchestra which is composed almost entirely of high school talent having at present about fifteen member. This orchestra was formed under the direction of Miss Sarah Taylor and Sergeant McCall from Camp Lee. Under these experienced and capable leaders, it is hoped that the orchestra will be a great success.

The High School class in journalism under Professor H. A. Miller, prepared a feature article for the issue of the Index-Appeal, March 23, 1919, on the survey of all the churches of the city, both white and colored for the past year. The work was highly creditable to both Mr. Miller and the students.

A prize of $2.50 in gold has been offered by the Cockade City Chapter of the Daughters of 1812, for the best essay on "The War of 1812." Every pupil of the High School has the opportunity to complete for the prize. The essay must be handed to Miss Turner, the vice-president of the Chapter, or to Mrs. J. O. James, or to Mr. Wolff, the principal of the High School, by June 1, 1919.

On March 5, 1919, the Teachers' Club met in the new auditorium, and were most fortunate in securing Mrs. Madeline Snowden, the well known dramatic reader, to be with them. She presented from memory Ibsen's famous

"Doll House" which was thoroughly enjoyed by all the lovers of the drama.

On March 11, 1919, Dr. McWaters, the head of the department of literature of the American University, contrasted by dramatic readings the theories of Browing and Omar Khayyam as translated by Fitzgerald, Dr. McWaters has the original portfolio used by Robert Browning, and this and other displays made his animated reading much more interesting. The audience was delighted by a promise from Dr. McWaters for an early return to the city to give a reading from Browning.

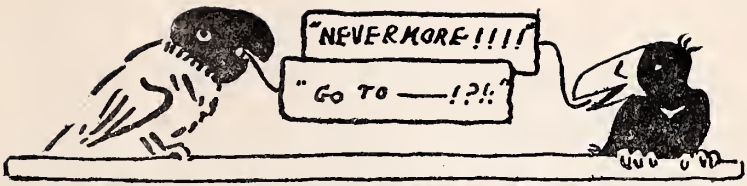
On March 26 the Rotarians met in the P. H. S. gymnasium. They assembled at the east end of the building and were conducted through the auditorium by Prof. Martin, then through the various class rooms and study halls on each of the three floors. Many were especially pleased with the laboratory and its modern equipment and expressed the opinion that it was a great asset to the school. Then the Rotarians assembled in the "gym," where the domestic science girls served them a beautiful home luncheon. These girls prepared the whole luncheon and served it beautifully, for which they deserve much credit. The table was artistically decorated with yellow jonquils and blue place cards, thus carrying out a color scheme of gold and blue, the colors of the graduating class. The girls served in their simple domestic science uniforms and the menu was as as follows:

Creole Soup, Parker House Rolls,
Roast Chicken,
Mashed Potatoes Green Peas,
Olives, Celery, Radishes, Pickles,

Tomato Salad, Cheese Straws.
Marshmallow Pudding, Chocolate Sauce,
Beaten Biscuit, Cheese,
Coffee.

During the first course, the High School orchestra and the High School quartet rendered several selections, all of which were generously applauded. Several members of the girls' athletic committee gave athletic demonstrations, and were followed by one of a different kind by the boys. Then Superintendent Martin introduced the High School "Prima Donna," Philip Baxter. He sang several beautiful selections, which were highly praised. After this, business was gotten down to. Last, but not least, Prof. Martin spoke of the improvement and extension of the play grounds. He said much ground around the school was for sale and that it should gratify the citizens to give it to their school. Several Rotarians spoke endorsing the proposition.

The seventh grade sent representatives to Camp Lee to visit the wounded and sick soldiers. The party distributed magazines, a quantity of fruit and bright flowers to these boys in khaki, which of course they appreciated and enjoyed. After chatting awhile with them, the party returned, well pleased with their visit. They hope to make another one soon.



LITTLE MISSILES

Cooper.

Mrs. Hubbard in IB History: "Everybody sit in one seat."

Emma Field knows all about automobiles, especially a "primer."

George Reade is very fond of Latin, and declines "Stella" often.

Will someone be so kind as to give Edward Meakin a Rid-out?

Wonders never cease! Emma Field brought lunch to school March 25th, 1919. May we never forget it!

Miss Lassiter, calling spelling: "Chagrinned."
Carl Hardy! I don't remember she grinned in the lesson.

Found on a IA History test: "The victors of the Olympian Games were crowned with wreaths of sacred olive *oil*."

Captain Frederick in drilling company C and D, "Don't halt until the command 'March' is given."

Johnnie Field considers himself a good sailor because he can hang around the Bowie's. (buoys)

Miss Painter, "Who was Joan of Arc?"
Edward Slater, "Arc's wife."

Pupil: "Miss——, why can't I find the alimentary canal on this map."

Teacher: "Tell some important events in the life of Patrick Henry."
Pupil: "Patrick Henry was born in Virginia. He married at 19 and soon afterwards said, 'Give me liberty or give me death'."

Mr. Vivas: "Miss Hodges what peculiar industry has developed at Niagara Falls?"

Annie May Hodges: "Agiculture."

Anita Bell, translating IIIB Latin, "Well I'll be John Brown if Latin ain't the Dickens."

Charlie Carter and John Rolfe are terribly interested in military training; they go to the sommer kamps quite often.

Miss Cooper in IIB Beology, "After inspiration the lungs are full of air. What takes place?"

Miss Beech: "Digestion."

Mr. Stewart: "Lord Bacon ate a chicken stuffed with ice and died."

Anita Bell: What died—the chicken?"

Mr. Waterfield in 4A Civics: "Who were some of the great executive leaders of the United States?"

Louise Hoy: "Caesar and Napoleon."

IIIA Chemistry class wants to know why Mr. Clark takes "because" as a reason at home and won't do so at school.

Mr. Stuart (in Latin translation) "What was Caesar trying to say there?"

Rosa Bell Williamson: "I don't know, Sir, but he certainly had a hard time saying it."

Rev. Robert Nelson to Mr. Wolff in Assembly:

"Mr. Wolff, if I cannot have the pleasure of talking to you all again, I wish to be present at your funeral."

Mr. Wolff: "Well—I'll be very glad to see you."

Mr. Freas discusses suffrage, dress and customs of the fair sex so much, that the IIIB class wonder where he got his experience. We hope it was not in France.

The IIIB class in English are glad to know that Mr. Miller is acquainted with all the terms of the fair sex. Quoting him, he says: "Some people are beautiful, and some are beautified."

Mr. Waterfield must have been a good lieutenent; he certainly knows how to inflict punishment.

"FROM TRAVELS IN OLD VIRGINIA."

The Temple was situated in a Holloway down in the valley beside the brook which Ribbles forever onward in the Field of Roses.

My Friend and I had come from the very congested city for a Rideout and passing by this Field had noticed that cows were in the Field. My Friend perceiving the distructive nature of the cows, exclaimed, "Cousar in the Field." I cautioned him about straining his voice and he replied "Foolish Boy (d)! can't you see a Mann is coming after them with a lasso?" My friend then said "Great Scott! Woody Roper Wright now?" "Of course," I replied as I spurred my Pony onward leaving my Friend behind gazing at the spectacle of circumstances.

Ed. V. Meakin, '19.

THE MISSILE'S NICKNAME BUREAU.

"Doc" ..... Ramsey Leigh.
"Arbuckle" ..... Arthur Crawford.
"Mike" ..... John Rahily.
"Harkshaw" ..... Archie Hawkins.
"Lillian" ..... George Gerow.
"Shrimp" ..... George Reade.
"Woodshed" ..... Horace Woodhouse.
"Honey Boy" ..... Archie Keels.
"The Terrible Swede" ..... Edward Sager.
"Shorty" ..... Lee Sager
"Mac" ..... Mitchell Bowman.
"Weed" ..... Nelson Ramsey.
"Tabby" ..... Robert Talbott
"Monkey" ..... Stanley Hargrave.
"Dutchy" ..... John Rolfe.

FOR BEST RESULTS PUT YOUR WANTS IN THE MISSILE "WANT AD. COLUMNS."

Wanted: A barrel of flour for Dotty Rahily's nose. It is always so slick!

Wanted: A new "Bill" by Katherine Smith for reasons best known to herself.

Wanted: A mail-carrier. Permanent job for right person. Apply to Agnes Moyler and Ernest Williams.

Wanted: A new suit for Frederick. Mr. Clark had a grudge against the old one.

Wanted: By Miss Cousar and Miss Wright, to know which smells the sweetest—roses or voilets.

Wanted: A new subject for Mr. Freas to discuss in his French classes. He has about exhausted the subjects of "Women and Love."

Lost: A voice—Finder will please return to Clare Barrett of IVB.

Fifty cents reward to the person that discovers how John "Dutchy" Rolfe catches all the "chickens."

Wanted: Some employment of any kind for Mr. Chadwick. It is feared that his idleness will demoralize the pupils.

Wanted: By Mr. Scott—A little speed in the IVB Oral Arithmetic class.

Wanted: To know if the reason why Arthur Crawford of IIIB did not get a uniform was that the machines of S. Abrams & Co. could not accomplish the task.

Wanted: A Maxim Silencer for Mary Feild.

Wanted: Some one to correspond with Agnes Moyler. We fear that she will forget how to write a letter as she corresponds with only thirty-two people.

Wanted: A new memory for Roberta Coffield.

Wanted: To know what is the matter with Martha Turner's Totty.

Lost: A laugh during IB Latin class. Finder will please return to Mr. Stuart and receive the reward.

Wanted: By IIB History class—To know the Shorthand for "I am fond of talking."

Wanted: By the whole school—Permission to speak to the pupils in IIIA. Miss Guerrant is very careful whom she allows to speak to her pupils.

Wanted: Something to keep Caroline Ribble awake during classes.

Wanted: A quick active boy or girl to pick up the chalk Mr. Scott drops.

Wanted: By the entire school—Some new ailments to get sick blanks on.

Girls' Athletics

A well-equipped gymnasium and a regular basket-ball coach have caused much enthusiasm among the girls of the High School in athletics this year. The gymnasium classes under Miss Boillin's direction, have made rapid progress in drilling and apparatus work. A splendid exhibition of dancing, rope climbing, work on parallel bars, horse, and buck were given before the Rotarians at the banquet given them in the school gymnasium on March 27th. Though much interest has been shown by the girls for this part of the physical training, basket-ball has had share and a large number of girls have been coming out to the practices.

The second interclass game was played in the gymnasium on March 13. The teams were well matched, and the game was exciting all the way through. The Evens had a good start over the Odds and made several goals before the Odds scored. But the Odds came up in the last half, and the final score was 8 to 6 in favor of the odds. The line up as as follows:

ODDS.	EVENS.
Forwards—Drewry, Crumpacker, Holmes.	Moyler, Weber.
Guards—Purdy, Halliday.	Seward, Townsend.
Centers—Parsons, Rahily.	Lassiter, Jones.

On Friday night, March 28, the basket-ball team played the first match game with the Lynchburg High in the P. H. S. gym. The fame of the visiting team had reached the home girls, but they stood their ground and played a game clean and full of pep. Lynchburg's passing and team work were good and had the advantage over Petersburg's almost entirely new team. In her first game, Townsend's steady and quick guarding of Lynchburg's star forward, helped keep their score down. Lynchburg won the game with a score of 28 to 17. The line up was as follows:

PETERSBURG.	LYNCHBURG.
Forwards—Young, Drewry.	Brown, Tay
Guards—Smith, Seward.	Bass, Pugh.
Centers—Parsons, Jones.	Maker, DuPuy.

Substitutes—Townsend, Purdy, Rahily.

The Petersburg team made up for their defeat on the 28th by winning the game with the Collegiate School in Richmond Y. W. C. A. on March 29. The game was snappy throughout, but a large number of fouls were made by the Petersburg team. The whole team played well and Captain Smith kept up her usual good work. The hard-won victory was shown by the final score, 14 to 13 in favor of Petersburg. The line up was as follows:

PETERSBURG.	COLLEGIATE.
Forwards—Young, Drewry,	Taliaferro, Kirk.
Guards—Smith, Seward.	Harrison, Bemis.
Centers—Lassiter, Jones, Rahily.	Thomason, Carson.

Manager Young has games scheduled with Dinwiddie, Midway, McKenny, Farmville, and Lynchburg. The team has brilliant prospects. The support of the Petersburg people and the students of the High School is all that is now needed to make the basket-ball team a winning team in the State.

Boys' Athletics

Spring is here at last, and the boys of the Petersburg High School have turned out in large numbers to make this year's base-ball season as great a success as the one of the previous year. The whole student body and faculty have at last gotten the much desired "pep" in them, and their support to the team has already been one of the main reasons for the record so far made by the boys. The team also has two good coaches, Mr. Chadwick and Mr. Clark, who have been out every afternoon with the squad and have given them some excellent pointers on the game and how to play it. "Toad" Pillow, one of last year's letter men, has been unanimously elected Captain of the team; and he is also playing a fine game on third and leading with the highest batting average. E. Williams, another of last year's letter men, has been elected manager.

Of the men out for the team those trying out for the mound are "Lefty" Gerow, A. Lubman and Percy Wingo; those for the receiving position are Keene Clements and Sam Reinach. A large number are trying for the infield, some of whom are Pillow, Bain, Talbott, Blackwell, Smith, Hardy, Short and Skinner; those for the outfield are Jessup, Newsome, Cain and Williams. The team has not been definitely decided upon yet, but the coaches think that they will be able to pick a winning nine.

The first practice game was played against the Military Police of Camp Lee at the McKenzie Street Base-ball Park. Nearly all of the boys trying out for the team were given a chance to show what they could do with the "pill" in this game. The game resulted in a score of 12 to 2 in favor of Camp Lee; but this was not considered bad, as the team's opponents were practically all college stars and professionals.

The first real game of the season was played against the Dinwiddie High School in Dinwiddie. Although the day was cold and very windy both teams played a very good game, Gerow and Southall having a pitchers' battle throughout the game. The features of the game were the hitting of Pillow, who secured

three hits out of four trips to the plate; Clements and Cain for Petersburg. Southall led with the stick work for Dinwiddie. The game ended with a score of 4 to 3 in favor of Dinwiddie. The line up:

PETERSBURG.	R.	H.	E.	DINWIDDIE.	R.	H.	E.
Jessup, C. F.,	0	1	0	Abernathy, L. F.,	2	1	0
Talbott, 2 B.,	0	0	1	Beville, 3 B.	1	1	1
Pillow, 3 B.,	0	3	0	Meadows, H., C,,	0	0	0
Bain, S. S.,	0	1	1	Southall, P.,	0	2	0
Cain, R. F.,	1	2	0	Knott, 2 B.,	0	1	0
Williams, L. F.,	1	1	0	Meadows, W., C. F.,	0	0	0
Smith, 1 B.,	0	1	1	Parham, S. S.,	1	0	0
Clements, C.,	0	2	0	Buttermorth,T., R.F.,	0	0	0
Gerow, P.,	1	1	1	Butterworth, E., 1 B.,	0	0	2
Total,	3	12	4		4	5	3

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	8	4	5	6	7	8	9	R	H	E
Petersburg,	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	0	0	3	12	4
Dinwiddie,	0	0	2	0	1	0	0	0	1	4	5	3

Following the game with Dinwiddie was another practice game with Midway High School. The game was forfeited in the last half of the ninth inning to Petersburg, because of a dispute on the part of Midway against the decision of the umpire.

ALUMNI

Charles Malone, a former pupil of our school, is continuing his studies at V. P. I.

Simmons Purdy and Elizabeth Badger are attending Randolph-Macon Women's College in Lynchburg. Both of these young ladies are graduates of the 1918 June class.

Ida Ruth graduates at R. M. W. C. this year.

Helen Rogers is at Hollins Institute. Miss Rogers left us after the influenza epidemic this year.

William Seward, one of our former students who has been attending V. M. I., has returned to Lexington to continue his work after prolonged leave at home caused by his ill health.

Tucker Bryan, who graduated in the June class of 1918, is attending the Normal School in Fredericksburg.

Mary Mann has returned to Stuart Hall where she has been studying this year.

We are sorry to hear of the illness of Louise Hines. Miss Hines has been at the Stuart Circle Sanitorium in Richmond, and is soon to be taken to Johns Hopkins in Baltimore.

Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Jones have recently moved to City Point. Both Mr. and Mrs. Jones attended this school several years ago. Mr. Jones graduated in 1915.

Walter Buchanan finishes his electrical course at V. P. I. this year.

John Feild is in the Navy. Mr. Feild enlisted several months ago, and is now stationed at Hampton Roads.

Charles Jackson, one of our old pupils, graduated in November at West Point, receiving the commission of a second lieutenant. Lieut. Jackson is now taking a post-graduate course. The session ends in June. Mr. Jackson is called a "student officer" until he completes his course.

Ernest Townes of the Class of 1912 is studying law at Richmond College this winter.

Myer Lavenstein will graduate in law at the University of Virginia this year. He may continue his studies there for several years longer.

In an inter-state debate at the University three out of four of the prizes went to former High School students. Jacob Lavenstein received the first prize; Joseph Riddick the second prize; and Frederick Ribble the fourth prize.

EXCHANGE

The Quill, Henderson High School, Henderson, Kentucky.

Your literary department could be improved upon. The plots of the stories are rather old and have been used too often in your magazine. Story contests would be a great stimulus to the securing of good stories in this department. Your editorials are excellent, especially "The Gleam of the Dawn." Your exchange editor should be congratulated upon her witty style of criticism.

Would it not be well to print block scores in your athletic department? The poem "The Model" is worthy of special mention.

The Beacon, Newport News High School, Newport News, Va.

The story "The Worm Turns" has a very good plot which is worked out in a very skillful manner. "Lust for Gold" reminds one of Poe's style of writing, with its weird interpretations. It is a story beyond the ordinary range of the school magazine. We notice with pleasure the pleasing poetry of your magazine. We envy your really attractive cuts.

The Budget, Berne High School, Berne, Indiana.

By the use of better quality of paper and larger type of printing your magazine would present a very attractive appearance. Your exchange department could no doubt be made larger. The story "Slackers None" is rather cleverly written with a charming plot.

The Virginian, Maury High School, Norfolk, Va.

The poem "To the Traction Company" is exceedingly witty and true to life. The story "The Payment" proves that the author has a superior knowledge of aeronautics; with this knowledge given in detail, it presents very good reading. Your department "Letters from France" is odd, humorous, and interest-

ing reading. The athletic department is well written with the necessary 'pep' not found in all athletic departments of school magazines. Your alumni department could be made better by containing more masculine names. Your jokes are new and tastefully selected. Your advertising managers should be proud of their excellent business-getting tactics as shown in your magazine.

The Taj, Harrisonburg High School, Harrisonburg, Va.

It is with much pleasure that we receive *The Taj*. The editoral on "Supporting the Team" is very well written and could apply to other high schools as well as yours. The story "A Fortunate March Wind" is a very humorous and intensely interesting story and deserves special mention. The author of "Hawthorne's Power of Description" handles her subject very well, exhibiting her excellent knowledge of the subject she discusses. Undue criticism in your athletic department of certain referees is not incentive to the school spirit so badly needed in your school as shown by the editorial on this subject. Your Alumni news is worthy of mention. The poem "This is the Life" is very witty and unique. Your cuts can be improved upon.

The World, St. Paul Central High School, St. Paul, Minn.

Your magazine is one of the best on our list. Your cuts, cartoons, and cover design are entirely different from any we have seen. Your school spirit manifests itself in your magazine.

It is with pleasure that we acknowledge the following:

The Oracle, Woodward H. S., Cincinnati, Ohio.
High School Spirit, Seden H. S., Chester, Va.
The Mirror, Pratt High School, Pratt, Kansas.
The Quill, Parkersburg H. S., Parkersburg, West Virginia.
The Bumble-Bee, Charlottesville H. S., Charlottesville, Va.
The William and Mary Literary Magazine, Williamsburg, Va.
The Forum, High School, Mount Vernon, Ohio.
The Regent, Portland H. S., Portland, Maine.
News Letter, University of Va., Charlottesville, Va.
The Virginian Guide, Va. School for the Deaf and Blind, Staunton, Va.

The Signal, Sistersville H. S., Sisterville, W. Va.
The White and Gold, Woodbury H. S., Woodbury, N. Y.
The Monthly Chronicle, Episcopal High School, Alexandria, Va.
The Bearer, Newport News H. S., Newport News, Va.
Tech. Monthly, Technical H. S., Scranton, Pa.
The Virginian, Maury H. S., Norfolk, Va.
The Focus, State Normal School, Farmville, Va.
The Christo Graple, So. Christian College, Lynchburg, Va.
The Junior News Letter, Junior H. S., Anderson, Indianna.
The Topics, University of Virginia, Charlottesville, Va.
The Polytechnic, Reusselaer Polytechnia Institute, Troy, N. Y.
The Yellow Jacket Record, Randolph-Macon College, Ashland, Va.
Lasell Leaves, Lasell Seminary for Young Women, Boston, Mass.

The students will find very interesting reading in the exchanges found on the library table.

ONE DOLLAR

STARTS THE ACCOUNT
THAT
STARTS YOU IN BUSINESS
DEPOSIT YOUR DOLLARS

WITH

AMERICAN BANK and TRUST CO.

Wm. B. McIlwaine, *President.* W. J. Rahily, *Vice-President.*
R. E. Lunsford, *Vice-President.* Wallace D. Blanks, *Cashier.*
Insurance Department, S. B. Hoag, *Manager.*

B. F. KEITH'S

5 CENTURY THEATRE 5

ACTS
HIGH-CLASS VAUDEVILLE

3 PERFORMANCES DAILY. 3
Matinee 3:30. First Night Show 7:00. Second Night Show 8:30 o'clock.

Let us make it Hot for you during the Winter Months.

PHONE 672 **YOUNG COAL CO.**

Office 25 Perry Street.
H. M. YOUNG, Gen. Manager.

"MOTHERS"

LOOK AFTER THE

KIDDIES COMFORT

and purchase a **Kiddie Koop**

FROM THE "OLD RELIABLE"

PETERSBURG FURNITURE CO.

CASH or CREDIT.

100 N. Sycamore St. A. J. WINFIELD, Mg'r.

Phone 273

The Russell Drug Co.

(Incorporated.)

142 Sycamore Street, PETERSBURG, VA.

TO THE High School Boys

This Good Firm was awarded the contract for your Uniforms. We hope to be favored with your patronage for your civilian needs. Let us FIT you UP and show you how much better we can serve you than others. EERYTHING A BOY WEARS.

EIGENBRUN BROS.

PETERSBURG'S BEST CLOTHES SHOP.

When making purchases, mention "The Missile."

For

HARDWARE, ENAMELWARE, WOODENWARE, CUTLERY, PAINTS, ROOFING, STOVES, PUMPS and goods usually carried in a first-class Hardware Store.

Try

Petersburg Hardware Company.

Phone 61. 15 N. Sycamore Street.

C. E. RIDENOUR,

445 S. Sycamore Street, Petersburg, Va.

Drugs, Medicines, Prescriptions

TOILET AND RUBBER GOODS.

We GUARANTEE Personal Attention to Prescriptions.
Only Purest Drugs Used. Lowest Prices. Quality considered.

IF IT'S KIN TO

HARDWARE

IT'S RELATED TO US

Joyner Hardware Co.

(Incorporated.)

The Corner Store.

THE NATIONAL BANK of PETERSBURG

Petersburg, Virginia

Organized 1886. The Oldest National Bank in Southside Virginia.

CAPITAL $600,000.00
SURPLUS AND PROFITS $350,000.00

B. B. JONES, President. E. H. BEASLEY, Cashier.
W. S. VENABLE, and C. E. PLUMMER, Vice-Presidents. S. I. BRAGG, Asst. Cashier.

THE VIRGINIA

NATIONAL BANK

Solicits Your Savings Account

$1.00 Will Start an Account

WE ALLOW 4%

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS, - - $675,000.00

NICE WORK FOR NICE PEOPLE.

Petersburg Laundry,

J. S. WALTHALL,

"THE QUALITY SHOP"

123 N. Sycamore Street —— Call Phone 236

EVERYTHING IN FURNITURE

HARLOW-WILLCOX & CO.

PETERSBURG, VA.

RUCKER DRY GOODS CO.

THE STORE WHERE QUALITY REIGNS SUPREME

SOLICITS A SHARE OF YOUR PATRONAGE

When making purchases, mention "The Missile."

GOOD LINES OF

Drugs, Candies, Cigars, Sundries,

MORRISON, — THE — DRUG MAN

Corner Sycamore and Bank Streets.

PHONE 256. PETERSBURG, VA.

For Quality and Service

MODEL LAUNDRY

Corner Sycamore and Washington Streets

WILLIAMSON BROS., Proprietors.

Phone 241.

John Wood, Confectioner

SCHOOL BOOKS AND STATIONERY.

ICE CREAM in CONES and BOXES ALL the YEAR.

122 SOUTH AVENUE.

MADE FRESH EVERY HOUR.

Farinholt CANDIES

Under Hotel Dixie, Washington Street,

PETERSBURG, VA.

When making purchases, mention "The Missile."

ROBERT E. BRUNET & CO.

All Kinds of Stove and Range Repairs,

Tinnings, Plumbing, Hot Water and Steam Heating

And Galvanized Conductor Work.

Phone 52. *22 SYCAMORE STREET*

PETERSBURG, VA.

In Order

To find out if our ad is read, we will give you 10 PER CENT OFF the regular price by presenting this coupon.

THE GLOBE DEPT. STORE

The Home of HART, SCHAFFNER & MARX CLOTHES.

THE ELI KULL CO.

No. 19 OLD STREET,

Established 50 Years Petersburg, Va.

Boys and Girls save everything

Paper, Rags, Metals, Rubber

And start a Bank Account in this way

Jas, Y. Branch V. R. Beachy

JAS. Y. BRANCH, INC.

SPORTING GOODS

Guns, Bicycles, Edison Phonographs, Toys and Camera Supplies

Rosenstock Bldg. *Sycamore Street*

When making purchases, mention "The Missile."

IF MEN OR BOYS WEAR IT,
WE WILL HAVE IT.

WALTER E. EANES & CO.

148 N. Sycamore Street,
PETERSBURG, VA.

A GOOD PLACE TO TRADE.

E. E. JOHNSON,

Home Made Candies,

ABSOLUTELY PURE. TRY THEM

Phone 1236 819 W. Washington Street

C. D. REESE COMPANY, INC.

MANUFACTURING JEWELERS

College, School and Class **Pins and Rings** Athletic Medals and Trophies

Cups, Souvenirs for Banquets, Society Emblems, Etc.

57 WARREN STREET,

New York

Petersburg Savings and Trust Company

Capital, - - - $1,000,000.00

Surplus and Profits are - $ 150,000.00

Deposits are - - $4,000,000.00

STANTON PILCHER

The Progressive Jeweler

Swiss Military Watches Worth $13.50 to $18.00

Now $10.00—Lever Movements

ALL MILITARY JEWELRY HALF PRICE

210 N. Sycamore Street

O. C. POWELL

GOODYEAR WELT SHOE REPAIR CO.

13½ N. Sycamore Street

PETERSBURG, - VIRGINIA.

COLUMBIA THEATRE

The Newest largest and safest in the City.
Showing all that is

BEST IN PICTURES.

SYCAMORE NEAR WASHINGTON STREET

Continuous 1 to 11 P. M.

R. H. O'KENNON'S
DEPARTMENT STORES

119 Sycamore Street, Phone 366, Petersburg, Va.

MILLINERY.

Ladies' and Misses' Suits a Specialty. Dry Goods, Notions, Trunks, Satchels and Umbrellas. 2nd Floor.

YOUR PATRONAGE SOLICITED.

ALWAYS—A—GOOD—SHOW

VIRGINIAN

Where—The—Crowds—Go

"Savings Must Become THE Habit of America."

Your education is not complete until you learn that THRIFT means sure success.

Start a Savings Account to-day and keep it growing

"WHERE SAVINGS ARE SAFEST."

The Banking Trust and Mortgage Co.

Our Thrift Hardware

Bestows a two-fold blessing—It blesses him who buys and US who sell.

It blesses you with its durability and utmost satisfaction in quality. It blesses us in the pleasure it brings through knowing that you are pleased.

The Government also receives its share. Long, generous wear and close prices preclude waste, and enable you to save the Saving for the Fourth Liberty Bonds.

Our hardware spells THRIFT from beginning to end.

W. H. HARRISON & CO., Inc.

"SO EASY TO FIND"

PETERSBURG, - - VIRGINIA

R. L. WATSON & CO.

Phone 264 211 Sycamore Street

Real Estate, Insurance and Rental Agents

AUCTIONEERS

Let us know your wants We want your business

R. L. Watson, R. R. Percival, Geo. W. Watson

When making purchases, mention "The Missile."

"ECONOMY,"

THE WATCH WORD OF THE NATION

During the present crisis economy in fuel as well as food must be practised.
Economize in your cooking, heating and lighting by using modern gas appliances and lights.

GAS for Cooking, - - Heating and Lighting

CLEAN, SANITARY AND ODORLESS.
The service that is always ready at a touch of a match.

Phone 434

Petersburg Gas Co.

23-25 So. Sycamore Street

D. W. BRANCH,

SPAULDING SPORTING GOODS

VICTROLAS AND VICTOR RECORDS

33 S. Sycamore Street

THE OLD RELIABLE

PRINTER,

FRANK A. OWEN,

1119 Sheppard Street.

HE DOES WHAT HE PROMISES

When making purchases, mention "The Missile."

Rosenstock's

For over 60 years the best of

Dry Goods and Kindred Lines,

Special attention given to the needs of Pupils of Petersburg High School.

—— YOU CAN'T MISS IT ——

LYRIC THEATRE

MUSICAL COMEDIES,
VAUDEVILLE, PICTURES

Three Shows Daily, 3:30—7:30—9:00

PRICES · 10—20—30 Cents

New York Clothing Co.

CLOTHIERS, FURNISHERS

SAM PECK SUITS FOR YOUNG MEN AND BOYS
CORRECT CLOTHES FOR CLEVER CHAPS
North Sycamore Street Petersburg Va.

Delta Machine Co.,

(Incorporated)

—— GASOLINE, OILS, VULCANIZING ——

EVERYTHING FOR THE AUTOMOBILE

FREE Water, Air, Service Car

Phone 918 19 South Sycamore Street

When making purchases, mention "The Missile."